

## Keep the Water Warm

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## Keep the Water Warm

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

He's staring. And by the time his lust-dark eyes crawl their way back up to Dream's face, he's met with a smirk that says he's being obvious.

"Oh, sorry," he offers, though it scarcely sounds earnest. He drags a posing thumb along the line of his wrapped towel, too much trust placed into a single piece of fabric. When two sets of eyes meet in shaded desire, Dream adds, "I forgot my clothes in my room."

George can't stop staring at his roommate, especially when he's fresh from the shower.

### Notes

it's been too long since i last posted a oneshot so i am here with dnf shower sex yass

gifted to flame because ily very much and have been wanting to gift you something for a while i just wasn't sure what <3 but when i thought of writing shower sex i immediately thought of [torrential downpour](#) aka one of my favorite fics ever so. it felt right to gift you this one :)

please enjoy thank u

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Living with someone else isn't the easiest thing in the world. After butting heads with his previous three roommates, George is glad to have wound up with someone he can get along with.

He's not afraid of pissing off his current housemate, not afraid of finding dirty dishes in the sink or suffering through a petty argument over the temperature on the thermostat. They get along, and their schedules mesh well together, and fights are few and far between.

The only thing George is afraid of is that he might like his roommate a little *too* much.

He gets flustered when they stand too close in the kitchen, turns cherry blossom in the cheeks when their shoulders bump with haste in the hallway. And the other man is always lazy grins and deep-pitched laughter, too tall and too enticing when he leans up on the counter or sits on his bed with legs spread out across the mattress.

George is terribly, irrevocably attracted to his roommate. His chest twists in teakwood anticipation, luridity painted with intrigue in the corners of his mind. He thinks too much about teeth against his neck and palms against his skin, irreversibly wet dreams a plague on his feeble mind.

It's easy to remember a heeded warning from George's best friend: *don't have a one night stand with your roommate*. George abides by that advice so long as he can keep his head straight on his neck.

Which, apparently, isn't for much longer.

George spends most of a Saturday morning alone in his room. As the sunlight bleeding through his windows turns to warmer gold, he resigns himself to a need for a change of scenery, bored by the dust between the letters on his keyboard and the blue-light glow of his double monitor. Work is slow, but his mind is slower, and George picks himself up with a path settled for the kitchen.

But as he walks distracted down the hallway, he bumps into the overbearing figure of his roommate. Their chests knock together, all the air in George's lungs rushing free through his lips, not enough time to get out a muttered "sorry" before he feels his socked feet stumbling back straight.

Two large hands wrap around his narrow shoulders. George's neck snaps up, eyes meeting the fractious glow of jade green, a pinpoint grin hiding in the corner of a set of sweet pea lips.

"You okay?"

George blinks. He would say yes in confidence if Dream weren't so bare-chested.

Maybe he's seen his roommate without a shirt on before, but never quite like *this*. Never with dewy skin and mussed hair curling wet over his forehead, never with nothing but a towel looped loose around his hips, never so uncaring for the fact that's one step away from being *nude* and scented so strongly of sandalwood and earnest mint.

"Yeah," George mutters, a meek voice spun as hesitant as his shaking hands.

He's staring.

Staring at an expanse of damp tan sinews, droplets of water hiding in the concaves of collarbones and trailing down the sides of slim waists. Gentle rain intermixes with the freckles littering Dream's oak-burdened form, sculpted from marble and reckless sin with intent set to make George drool.

It's *unfair*. Unfair how one man can be so attractive, how damp hair and mottled balsam doesn't turn him to a mess of disinterest. Unfair how those broad palms still haven't left George's clothed shoulders, how he manages to feel so swallowed when he's barely being touched at all.

He's staring. And by the time his lust-dark eyes crawl their way back up to Dream's face, he's met with a smirk that says he's being obvious.

Dream taps one of George's shoulders lightly before he draws his hands away entirely, but a heat-spun tingle still lives beneath pale skin. Arrogance wears spearmint and surefire along the angles of Dream's face, knowing eyes flicking downward for a view of his own uncovered body.

"Oh, sorry," he offers, though it scarcely sounds earnest. He drags a posing thumb along the line of his wrapped towel, too much trust placed into a single piece of fabric. When two sets of eyes meet in shaded desire, Dream adds, "I forgot my clothes in my room."

And he leaves for the room in question, broad shoulder pushing up against George's as he slips through the narrow space of the hall. George stumbles a bit at the push, but he still flushes predictable pink, standing lonesome in the sun-slick hallway without a single breath to fill his lungs.

A door clicks shut somewhere behind him. George doesn't move.

His mind plays it back in servile desire, everywhere from glistening cedar to eucalyptus eyes. There's a certain want that triples in every way when George's mind races, the insatiable attraction festering beneath his flesh in sanguine clamor. His fantasies can find a way to be full of shower-wet skin and hair curled at the ends, fingers slicked by rain and evergreen soap coasting along the edges of his body.

*It's not fair.* George doesn't look that good fresh from the shower, and he doesn't spin with so much confidence at the thought of being seen. Surely, in reversed roles of the same situation, George would still be the one stumbling and grappling for purchase while Dream caught him by the shoulders and grinned.

Cocky suds in ivory soap had dripped from cunning lips so effortlessly, teeth exposed in a quirk that didn't twist at the inedible taste of cleanliness. Messy apple lust mixes with his pine-colored envy, just as wanting as he is twisted by the desire painted in throes across wet skin.

George wishes he could look as enticing as Dream. George wishes those hands would rough him to mulled bruises, thighs clad in a spatter that looks so much like claim. He's messy with unruly want, inconsolable by cold showers and the fantasy matched by his own right hand.

When Dream emerges from his bedroom fully clothed, George is still standing in the hollow of the hallway.

At the very least, nothing changes between them. Dream still acts the same, obviously unaffected by an event that George let himself be unraveled by. He sits alone in his room with eyes for the ceiling and a head full of sin, speckled cedar against the edge of his nose in the crudest form of whisper.

His head always draws him back to the earnest advice of a friend: to not have a one night stand with his roommate. And when George is rendered to hot skin and balsam blossoms in Dream's wicked presence, he thinks back to how much worse it would be if there was anything more than shattered stares and silent want between them.

Succumbing to the paradoxically dirty fantasies, George showers with a hand on his cock and eyes slipped shut. All the days blend together in soapy water rushed for the drain, redundancy coiling in a mess of shattered magnolia. George stares at the shadow of his reflection in a heat-fogged mirror and he pretends he can see Dream behind him, feels the phantom jasmine of lips on his skin.

Perhaps he's too far gone. Drowned irreversibly in cool water and certain sin, dragged deep into the fray where white tea fills his lungs. Invisible hands circle his wrists until the sinews have turned lilac and messy, hands washed to dry ebbs with ivory soap and swollen lips.

George is starting to lose himself. He doesn't realize he's waiting for the shower to turn off to leave his room until the fourth day he does it, never catching Dream in anything less than sweatpants and a t-shirt with wet shoulders and rosewood hair. He hates to feel disappointed, but he can't ignore the tangled ivy in his soul or the way his lips turn inquisitively downward at the sight of more damp cotton.

Maybe he's willing to screw everything up if it means he can get what he wants. Maybe the taste of clove and lemongrass is worth the muck he can't scrub out even with the strongest soap, the feeling of being torn apart worth being stuffed beyond containment.

He would do anything if it meant Dream taking him as he pleased. The only problem was he didn't think *Dream* would do anything to have him, so it put him right back at square one.

Until he isn't anymore. Until George gets what he's been looking for in well-timed exits, only this time, only he hasn't yet left his room. He sits at his computer with no headphones on and nothing of interest pulled up on the screen, vanilla branch fingertips tapping lazily against the flat of woodgrain.

The shower is still running down the hall, leaving George in a calm sage bliss that feels untouchable. He has no expectations, no dirt-clad worries, nothing to be concerning himself with so long as Dream is behind the heady cover of a door. Thoughts remain listless until the moment the water turns off, which it hasn't yet.

Strangely, there's still a knock on George's bedroom door, though.

He jolts in his seat. Momentary, words get caught in his throat with the prickle of pine needles and bitter cold, swivel chair spinning to point in the right direction. He stutters over a heavy tongue for a moment, long enough for those deft knuckles to rap again, and George finally manages to croak.

“Yeah?”

The door creaks open just enough for Dream to slip into the gap. The jade in his eyes quirks arrogant, and he sidles up to the door frame with flat hips and a tipping chin, putting his entire body on display when he doesn't really need to.

George knows it's because he's in nothing but a towel again. Soft fabric clings to his hips with too much trust, a sculpted body of nothing but sandalwood skin put back in George's view. Curling wet hair is just as enticing as it always is, but when coupled with the sinewy cedar of his tall form, it's unmanageable.

He loses his breath before Dream can even open his mouth.

“I’m out of shampoo,” he muses, cocksure magnolia glistening between the dips of his features. “Is it alright if I use yours?”

George’s heart pounds beneath his sternum, caught on the careful lift of Dream’s hand to grip the top of his door frame. Teakwood muscles flex, the pin-drops of water curving down along his form.

There’s no way it’s not on purpose. Not when his lips are still so tipped and coddled in jasmine, not when his glowing eyes stew with misspoken sin and a question he already knows the answer to.

“Yeah,” George replies, grip tightening on the armrests to his chair. He sways back and forth on the balls of his feet, tongue stinging spearmint under the wrath of his curious teeth. “You don’t have to ask me to borrow soap, you know.”

He tries to play coy. Wear a ginger grin of his own, force a flicker to his eyes that licks with sudden confidence. He knows where he falters, feigned arrogance paling in comparison to the way Dream slides, supple skin pushed pink by the edges of the door frame.

Nothing about him wavers when George tries to fix him with the same all-knowing glance. “I know,” Dream offers, tea tree timbre serpentine without a coil of crisp, forbidden apples.

“Then why’d you come ask?”

George barely regains grip on his slippery tongue before he can say anything else regrettable. And he thinks he might already know the answer, arrogance in cherry blossom curls written all over the angles of Dream’s face.

Swallowing thick and stifling, George shrinks invisibly back into his seat. A sage grin slides across Dream’s parted lips, body tipping forward by the hold he has on the top of the doorframe.

“Wanted to see if you’d get that look on your face again,” he taunts, evergreen eyes narrowing slowly in accusation.

Caught ivy breath hitches in George’s throat, knuckles turning clean white where he holds. He tries to wipe whatever whispers of expression live between his features, but there’s a part of him that already knows his attempts are in vain.

Fruitless and flustered, George plays dumb. “What look?”

Teakwood extends in a single accusing finger, aimed straight for the muddled expression George wears across his face. “That one.”

George scoffs, but even he knows it’s unconvincing. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

But Dream scoffs, too, and his is all spearmint and sweet pea. Accusation drools from his lips in the essence of soap and water, clean linen blossoms skating down his curves with straight lines creeping up his spine.

“Aw, come on,” he insists, arrogance dripped in jasmine. “You know exactly what I’m talking about.”

George does. And he can see the cherry blossom on his cheeks even when his reflection evades him, see the spread to his eyes even through invisibility. Though he still huffs, crossing his arms

over the slim of his chest, a mess tangling itself between his soapy ribs.

“I don’t,” he argues, but the timbre quips unconvincing.

Dream doesn’t miss a beat. With all the arrogance of candy apples and cedar sin, he flicks his tongue along the crest of his teeth, words tumbling slick from the tip of his tongue.

“You’re looking at me like you want me.”

Sputter rains without gentility. A torrential downpour of steam-warmed vanilla, the polar opposite of cold cocksure grins and lines of darkened freckles. He’s messy with sweet peas and crawling honey, hot everywhere he can feel his own existence with a tension to his shoulders he can’t seem to shake.

“What?”

Dream only laughs, pushing himself away from the frame of the door. Eucalyptus and dirty tangerine fall from his biting lips, wicked and thick with an implication George isn’t sure is really there.

“Which, hey, I don’t mind,” Dream reassures, but nothing about him streams with sympathy. “If you really *do* want me, come join me in the shower.”

Bitten lips drop open and snap shut again. Dream’s gone before George can ever get a word out, retreated back toward the still-running shower leaving fog all across the mirror down the hall. George’s mind runs rampant, from a low-hanging towel to the indecent sugar on his roommate’s lips, and it takes everything left in him to not spring to his feet and *run*.

He sits in silence in the shadows of his room. A world of whispered sin, the sound of rushing water filtering in through the gap Dream left between the wall and his door. Balsam-grown words that still ring in the thick air, pulling hot arousal up through his sternum in bubbles set to pop between his lips.

An invitation. Heady, sealed with tangerine wax, and left for George to tangle between his tailored fingers. Creamy envelopes destine themselves to melt, parchment dissolving in the hot water running down towards his feet in a flurry.

George swallows. He tastes inedibility in the tang of ivory soap.

Oak-colored sin and reckless fantasies crawl through his mind in a steam-laden tangle, hot and heavier than his limbs where they lay useless in his lap. The sound of running water makes his mind a mess, images of sandalwood-slick skin and sinewy muscles threatening to make George’s eyelids flutter. He can’t keep himself at bay for much longer, and when an offer still sits on sweet pea lips in so much earnest, it’s only a matter of time before he’s on his feet.

The hallway feels more daunting than it ever has before. Long, leading, following all the way down to where the bathroom door sits ajar. George stands in the hollow of it for a single lonesome moment, drinking in the lemongrass that sits between his fingers. The sound of rain and steam follows him across the walls, heady implications drawing him down, down, down.

Footsteps fall light against the dust-shined hardwood. George feels like he’s walking on water, surface tension rippling beneath his weight. The deep end feels too far out of reach, a forever away from where he stands with slow-blinking eyes and balsam breath caught in his throat.

He finds himself on the wrong side of the door as soon as he spills a deep breath. Deft fingertips

push on the steam-soaked wood, a calm creak resounding from the uncared for hinges. He's sure the sound is loud enough to alert Dream of his presence, the sound of water hitting the shower floor not nearly loud enough to drown him out.

Even still, Dream doesn't say anything. And he keeps showering as if he never made any sinful promises between the walls of George's bedroom, letting the door slip shut into its frame while George stands against the cold tile. The mirror is fogged to obscurity, the silhouette of a nervous man scarcely able to make out between throes of linen and heat.

George stares at his figure in the unkempt mirror. Slowly and against his better judgment, his eyes slip to the space over his shoulder, another trawl of cedar and jade even hazier in the bathroom mirror. But when he turns to face the flat wall of the shower properly, he can better make out the form of his roommate slicking hands through his hair on the other side of thick glass.

Breaths fall wet and uneven. The whole room smells of sandalwood and strawberry, slick soap mixing with shampoo that George is more used to smelling in his own hair, trails of pink and lime hiding between the strands he runs his fingers through in a nervous tick. He *knows* that Dream can sense his presence, sees his head turn through the fogged-up glass of their shower wall, but *still*, he does nothing.

Vanilla-branch fingers curl under the hem of a cotton shirt. George hesitates, body growing hotter beneath the light fabric, and he strips his clothes off in a haste that can only be described as *desperate*. Calm magnolias creep up the tails of his skin, fabric falling to the floor in a bitter pile of citrus-scented sin.

George still hesitates. Perhaps Dream can feel his adversity through all the glass and steam, can make out the way he clenches his fists at his sides or tries not to cover himself from no one at all. For one of those dimmed hands slides down the silhouette of a cedar-spun form, trailing down, down, down between his legs until there's just enough of *something* to pull a sinful ginseng breath from unseen lips.

It's just loud enough to pierce through the torrential downpour. George feels toyed with, dirty tease swirling down the drain beneath his tongue. And his head is filled with visions of low-hanging towels and unmarked throats again, salacious hickory skin and all the ivory teeth he could ever want on him.

He remembers being warned about having one night stands with his roommate. He pulls the door back anyway.

The handle is cold beneath his steam-warmed hand, body shifting without the thought he once carried in so much weight on his shoulders. His head turns fuzzy and honey-plagued until the shower door slides back shut behind him, and he's standing amidst the crawling steam and strawberry-scented shampoo face to face with the most enticing man he's ever met.

And neither of them are wearing anything at all.

"So you do want me," Dream says without thought, none of the hesitation that George feels slicking back over his tongue hiding anywhere on his face.

George blinks. He swallows a mess of certain sin and tangled rosemary, spices dancing between his teeth with all the sour bite of suds. Confessions litter him with uneasy ferocity, words tittered on his tongue when he forgets how to form words. Still, he breathes, something oh-so enticing about the jade in Dream's eyes and how cocksure he appears beneath all the running water.

“I do,” George answers finally, though the whisper he gives makes it feel like a secret.

It is a secret; *was* a secret. George lets himself be peeled back to vulnerability, standing beneath the onslaught of hot water with everything on display. Dream watches his exposed existence with an all-consuming gaze, lust-laden eyes ticking down George’s body with a systematic descent.

George lets his own gaze crawl, observing all the oak and tangled ivy waiting in front of him. Umber eyes skate down a broad chest he’s seen before, coated in a sheen of calm water and rubbed-out soap. But as he slips deeper, following where Dream’s own eyes hang on *his* body, his breath threatens to catch even stickier in his tight throat.

This is so *not fair*.

There’s a part of George that wants to be mad about it. The rest of him is too caught up on being so aroused he can barely take it, flushed to sweet cherry blossoms and muddled teakwood that ties him up in knots.

Dream is *big*. Like, really big. And when George’s eyes flick back up to meet his roommate’s unseemly face, he can tell that he *knows* he’s big.

George has to bite his lip to stifle a whimper, meddled hands sliding thoughtlessly in front of him as if he could cover himself *now*. After Dream’s already seen him—all of him—after he’s already started reaching for the caution of George’s wrists.

“Oh, don’t get shy on me now, baby,” he croons, thick fingers wrapping slow around tendons and soapy bone. “You’re so fucking gorgeous.”

Frankincense and cherry blossoms spread beneath George’s skin, roseate fluster taking hold of him in visibility. Surely, Dream can see the way he flushes pink, and surely, it only serves to swell his ego wider.

But before George can protest in his demure-mottled stupor, Dream is pulling him in by the grip on his wrists until his feet are slipping on the shower floor. George’s body collides with Dream’s soap-slick chest, widened oak eyes staring up into jasmine with an awe that shudders vanilla-warm.

Dream is still grinning. He wears that quirked citrus so devilishly well, and George can already feel himself slipping deeper and deeper still into the soap-covered lust that is *this*. Bliss in cedar skin and lithe hickory, a wrap around his wrists that he wishes would tighten to lilac stains.

He doesn’t say a word. Only stares up at Dream’s cocksure expression, intoxicated by the ache put to his neck when he tips his chin up far enough to see. Greed permeates through his flesh in welts of honeysuckle and ivy vines, the unruly pound of his sanguine heart spreading up behind his ears in sick reminder.

Breath mixes in the steam-clad air. Dream smells of sandalwood and strawberry, sage eyes flickering with just enough hesitance for George to pry his sticky mouth open.

“Kiss me.”

Dream wastes no time to oblige.

He leans down to catch George’s lips in a hasty kiss, whispers of strawberry scent and peppermint toothpaste ebb between his teeth. George reciprocates with his own messy sugar, hands grappling for purchase on Dream’s rain-slick shoulders. Their lips mesh together in a perfect disaster, just as slippery as the water running beneath their feet and down Dream’s neck in trails.

Careful magnolias whisper between their melting lips, the sound of rushing water fading off into obscurity even if only for a moment. George feels like he can barely keep up, nails slipping into a dig along Dream's wet shoulders, tongues welcome and divided where they make a part between his lips.

Shades of blue and lavender sprigs coast down pale skin, permanence no stronger than a murmur against hot water. A whimper pulls through the knotted peonies in George's throat, bodies melting together beneath the columns of steam that swallow their forms. Dream is nothing short of handsy, trailing large palms below George's waist in a rough squeeze that feels so much like *claim*.

If one night stands with roommates always felt like this, then George would've ruined every living situation he's ever been in.

Dream is the first to pull away, the slick of spit along his cupid's bow blending in with all the water on his face. He looks disheveled in the most intoxicating way, wet hair in curls against his forehead while his breaths pitch ragged and evergreen.

"Tell me what you want, baby," he says in hush, lips dipping low enough to catch the unmarked expanse of George's jaw.

At the press of plush lips against his throat, George tips his head back to give Dream better access. With fingernails clawing at soapy shoulders and honey-thick whines running high in his throat, his mind races for a proper answer—what *does* he want?

He almost feels like he already has everything he wants. He has Dream, and Dream's mouth, and ivory teeth that bite with enough ferocity to turn him mottled and orchid-red. He has their bodies pressed together under the steam of the shower, water droplets gathering atop freckled shoulders and slicking down sinewy cedar.

But he knows there's more to this. More than just lips on his neck, more than sudsy bruises and claiming hands. He can almost have *anything* he wants, and all he has to do is stop moaning in rosewater hedonism for long enough to *ask*.

With a hitch to his nectar-slick throat, George confesses, "I want you to do anything you want to me."

Momentary, harsh teeth dig into bruising skin with ginseng and startle. George whimpers at the bite, but it stirs something sick and aflame in his gut, wet-hot arousal spreading through him with the creep of twisting ivy vines. Dream pulls his lips free from George's throat for a moment, dotting spearmint kisses back up to the corner of his lips.

"Anything I want?" he prods, teakwood timbre dropped low and skating.

George swallows, the pain of sticky pine needles sharpening through all the sap. He tries his best to nod, though he knows Dream can't see the motion with his lips pressed so gently to the side of his neck.

"Yes," he answers, clarity running thin when he tries to speak so thoughtlessly. "Anything."

The flick of Dream's tongue against hot skin is enough to make George's body jolt, but the sensation is gone just as quickly as it arrived. Dream pulls back, a wicked grin spread across his face with drooling hibiscus, and he leaves George with a quick kiss on his lips before he's spinning him through the steam.

Hot water falls into messy umber hair, and George flinches when it drips down against his

eyelashes. Though he can scarcely think before his palms are landing flat against the fogged-up glass of their shower wall, all the breath leaving his lungs in a peach-sweet rush.

Blinking, slow-cooling water coasts down his freckled cheeks. Exhales fall in ragged cucumber melon, softness lost to the presence he feels behind him, devilish sandalwood hovering behind his back. Thin fingers tense against steamy glass, a broad chest leaning up against his back with all the slide of forlorn soap.

It's as Dream's lips fall back against his neck that George lets his eyes flutter shut, losing himself in the minute darkness and the sound of the shower behind him. Water splashes up against his ankles, filth and well-lathered soap skating down his back where skin meets skin.

Cedar-spun hands hold gently around a pale waist, pulling George back against the hardness of Dream's cock with enough fervor to make him moan. The sound escapes his shut lips unabashed, wrought with citrus and rosewood in a mutter of certain sin. George rolls his hips backward when he chases that same sensation, strung-out and intoxicated by the feeling of something *more, more, more*.

Dream chuckles with lips against George's ear, low and strictly balsam. His arrogance drools so obviously through grinning lips even without the visual, the mere essence of his vanity thick and bubbled to prisms. George falls into it, hands sliding on the glass, desperation painted in sweetness with perfumed lilacs and gentle cherry blossoms.

As his tongue grazes the soft plane of George's throat, Dream professes, "I want to eat you out."

A statement so dirty has never felt so clean, whispers of warm vanilla and cautious cherry-lime seeking solace in the dips of George's neck. He can feel where his muscles tense, the hands resting on his waist tightening to a hold that makes his body ache with a want for tiny muddled bruises.

Agreement gets caught in his throat with all the predictability of linen-scented sheets, the lips still latched to his neck doing nothing to help his difficulty. In a whirl of eucalyptus and dandelion, a single word slips past George's bitten lips in confession; "*Please.*"

Deliberate ivory teeth nip at George's skin in finality, the presence of Dream's cock pressed up against him fading in time with his retreat. Slowly and intentionally, the warm press of sandalwood and strawberries pulls off George's back, wracking a shiver up his spine.

He hears it when Dream's knees collide with the shower floor, the all-consuming hands that had been hovering so gently on his waist sliding down to grip his thighs. George waits with impatience shaded citrus until he feels those biting lips back on him, gentle kisses laving up the soft crest of his ass with a mind for building anticipation. George mewls in protest, curling his toes against the floor until he's pulled up higher than Dream aims.

A deep cedar chuckle works its way through the heat, a playful bite sinking into George's shower-slick skin. George makes another high-strung noise, desperate and messy, lavender and dewdrops sticking forever beneath his fingertips and spreading up through his tangled veins. Lust-ridden palms push up along his flesh, catching around him in a filthy hold that feels so out of place when the only scent on George's lips is sandalwood and clean linen.

He arches into the touch anyway, filling Dream's palms with strewn cupidity and ginseng fantasies. A low hum of appreciation is barely audible over the running water, speckled magnolia kisses pushing heat into George's already scalding skin from his thighs to the thin line of his waist.

With slow-spreading lips and a newfound space between his thighs, George splits himself open on

a cherry-scented plea. “Hurry up.”

And even with the tantalizing drag of his petal-soft voice, Dream doesn’t oblige him. He merely gives George an admonishing tap on the side of his ass, leaving another mischievous bite on the top of his thigh.

“Patience, baby,” Dream chides, gentle in a crawl of oak and hushed bay leaves.

But George doesn’t take it. He pushes back against Dream’s touch with increased vigor, arching his back until his forehead hits the foggy glass in haste. He can all but see the way Dream’s startle mixes taut with brutish arrogance, hitched breath falling invisible beneath the reign of hot water.

George whines, unbridled and forged of impenetrable balsam. “*Dream.*”

In lieu of a proper response, Dream drags his tongue over George’s hole. It’s sudden enough to make him jolt, but the stimulation is everything he wanted in the moment. A startled breath still escapes him in peony blossoms, but the pleasure spreading through his blood is so much more intoxicating than the alarm.

With another desperate whine, George arches against Dream’s palms again. With a ruthless laugh in low clove spice, Dream leaves a kiss mere inches away from where George wants his lips the most.

“Is this what you want?” Dream taunts, flicking his tongue over George’s hole again. George only whines, hoping that’s enough of an answer, but the deep tang on Dream’s tongue is enough to tell him that it isn’t. “Ask properly and I’ll give it to you, baby.”

Screwing his eyes shut with the last throes of dignity leaving him cold and exposed, George grits, “*Please eat me out, Dream.*”

A rough groan filters through the warm air, but Dream gives in with the press of his soft lips. George can’t help but push back against Dream’s face, forever chasing the warm pine immodesty of wetness against his rim. He wants more and more after that, back slicking into a bow curve that looks so *lewd* when flecked with drops of burning water.

He tempted Dream closer with the whines on his lips, impurity in mottled mahogany staining the strawberry suds put to a shine along his cupid’s bow. If the glass before him wasn’t already fogged to opaque heat, then his breath would surely cloud it to implication, ragged rosewood and cracked hickory staining the tip of his tongue a defiled red.

But when it comes down to the perfumed carmine of wet tongues, surely Dream has George beat. He licks into George with candied honeysuckle greed. The sleaze of it is enough to make George’s head spin with sage and lemongrass, hips twitching involuntarily in a vain search for *more*.

Dream only gives him as much as he wants, circling his rim with the tip of his torrid tongue. George is melted down to a pool of wax and sin, muddled with gaudy sandalwood soap and the timber of warm-fallen trees. Dream grips his flesh without relent, mouth taking for restlessness and the honey-stuck noises dripping from George’s tongue. He hums with lips on vulnerable skin, stoking the flame alight between them to a patchouli wildfire.

One of the hands George has pressed in a print-leaving expanse against the steamy glass shifts, pulling off the wet calidity in a chase of messy blond hair. He finds the wisping curls behind his back, fingertips threading through them in an awkward-stretched angle that can only be described as *desperate*.

George pulls Dream's face harder against him still, drunk off the bitter taste he gets on his tongue when Dream's nails dig effervescently into his flesh. A warm tongue flattens against his hole, body going just as tense as it is limp against the clouds of shower-slick glass.

"Dream," George pleads, though he's not quite sure what it is he's begging for. "*Dream.*"

He earns a hum in response, buzzing amber and suds against sensitive skin. George whimpers, tightening the fingers laced through Dream's hair in a gentle tug. Hasty strokes of pink-wet muscle flick over his greedy hole, pulling him closer and closer to the ivy-taut edge of release, but never quite close *enough*.

Whines fall from bitten lips faster than George can hear them echo back, silky sweet noises ricocheting off the hardened walls of the bathroom and distilling the soap-glossed water with filth and reckless sin. He grinds back on Dream's tongue without thought or hesitation, mere action and carnal urges washing him forlorn and eucalyptus.

As he tips ever-closer to release, George pleads with tight-shut eyes and cold water spattered across his ankles. The redundancy of a mutter-whined "*please*" fades off into obscurity, forgotten in favor of well-formed words and cut apple prayers.

"I'm close," he whines, bruises and bloodlust staining him in obsessive-washed hues. "Dream, please, I'm *so close*."

And it's right as he's about to tip over the edge, mere moments before all-consuming bliss spills out across lithe wrists and tightened skin that Dream *pulls away*. Taut fingers fall from his messy hair, an aloe-gelled whimper rising from the column of George's throat.

Disrupted pleasure scorches his insides burning red, knees going weak under his weight until he so nearly collapses to the floor. Dream holds him up with whims of cruel desire and grinning lips, the curve along his peach-stuttered mouth merely assumed in predictable arrogance.

George braces himself with two hands back against the glass, forehead tipping into the fog with a hasty sound that makes his skin buzz alive. Dream doesn't do anything but push intentional circles into the edges of his waist, rounding with lilac intent and tightened skin until George is whining into the steam.

"Why'd you stop?" he complains, fingers curling around nothing but the open air left sparse between his palms.

Cruel and unbitten, Dream chuckles with raucous cedar. He gives George another playful bite alongside the others, hands kneading the flesh he holds with such reverence. "Don't want you to come yet, baby," he defends, dotting another kiss to the edge of George's waist before he rises back up to his feet.

Another ginseng whine tumbles from George's lips, eyes prying open with a weakness to the light. Dream pushes their bodies up against each other again, slick soap and fallen water bringing the heat of their connected skin far past a simmer. George tries not to fall too deep into desire, but he can already feel himself careening so close to the edge, an animalistic voracity for *more* streaming vetiver through his veins.

He urges back against Dream's cock without words, ignoring the reprimanding grip Dream gives his waist in turn. He attempts to hold George still against the glass, quieting his rapturous desire to mere whispers in the steam.

“I’m gonna prep you nice and well for my cock, okay?” Dream muses, drawing gentler circles into George’s hips with the trail of sweet pea lips across his shoulders.

And George has to swallow the desperacy in his shaking voice, patience running thinner than the newly-cold water running in threads beneath his feet. All he wants is Dream’s cock splitting him open, but he knows better than to go off nothing but the cautious pull of a dexterous tongue and his own jasmine hedonism.

His answer comes in breath, a syllable stretched to popped bubbles and slippery soap. “Okay.”

So the warm presence of cedar and flame evaporates from the space behind his back, leaving George icy and unfathomable with his palms pressed to the glass. He can hear Dream shifting behind him, the sound of running water dappling across his skin even if only for a moment.

Once he feels a possessive hand resting on his waist again, George grows vanilla-balsam warm again. Dream circles his rim with a single outstretched finger, the familiar clicking sound of an uncapped bottle rifling through George’s ears.

Through all his desire and desperacy, George feels his brows knit at their center. “You keep lube in the shower?”

Dream laughs in curling lemongrass as if that’s a normal thing to do, all the touches left on George’s skin vanishing for frost-cooled moments. He leaves the open bottle of lube on the soap shelf behind him before pressing the tip of his finger back against George’s rim, chasing the sweet magnolia hitch to his breath at the sudden sensation.

“Not all the time,” he confesses, sinking into George down to his first knuckle. “But maybe I wanted to do this with you today.”

George’s breath halts in the honeycomb of his throat again, catching between the intentional gaps in sticky fragrance. With a careful bend to his water-flecked back, George lets his head fill with the idea of Dream’s own desires, from fantasies just as ginseng and oak-hued as his own.

Perhaps he, too, dreams of their bodies melting together under the steam of the hot shower. Perhaps there’s more to this than just the arrogance imbued in evergreen and malevolence, steam-fogged mirrors holding the secrets to unfathomable sin behind fragile glass.

With the twist of Dream’s lone finger against his rim, George stutters out a broken syllable. “O-Oh.”

Another curl of citrus-scented laughter falls over George’s soapy shoulder, coupled with a press from the heel of Dream’s palm that knocks his chest back into the glass. He stretches his back muscles taut to meet the downstroke of Dream’s finger buried inside him, a curl set to his knuckles that feels so much like sin.

George begs for more in silence, nothing more than quiet mewls and stuttered desperacy painting his lips a pretty devil-red. Cherry blossoms and cautious candy apples turn him to a mess of scarlet agony, breath fanning against the steam still left so thick across the shower’s partitioning wall. Soft sandalwood evaporates between them in favor of sweat and lust, white tea breaths dying the crystal air back to forlorn ebony.

Dream takes him apart in agonizing slowness, a pace set with intent to kill; intent to tear George to shreds as slow as oak trees grow to fruition. Not even the sweet melodies of saltwater whimpers are enough to reel Dream into obedience, soft requests for “*more, more, more*” falling on deaf ears in

a ricochet of impurity.

He goes at his own slow-growing pace, teakwood and coastal rain twirling together in the defilement of lithe bodies against glass. Dream presses a second slicked finger in at his own bruising volition, spreading both digits apart in a spreading scissor of disheveled rosemary. George whines into a pine-wrought bliss and infamy, twisting back against the intrusion with a world of silence that begs higher and higher still.

It's a pity that Dream is so hellbent on taking his time, nothing about the paragon of patheticism spread out before him coaxing his speed to an increase. He merely shifts his fingers in a taunting spread, pulling George apart again and again with all the gentle ferocity of a calculated beast. Rosewater drags George deep into intoxication, the taste of bittersweet floral staining his tongue cruel and rouge.

Agony comes in carnal colors, pastel and perfumed by eucalyptus. Dream moves his lips slow and intentional across the expanse of George's shoulders, following a path marked out by tea tree freckles until he reaches the other side. No sooner than George could count to one thousand and three, Dream sinks his third finger past his rim with the flick of a wicked tongue.

Reckless flame surges brighter in the spaces between George's ribs, unruly heat searing torrid across soapy bone. He dries himself to nothing only to spill wet and desperate again, high-pitched noises spattering the misty glass anew right in front of his bitten lips.

Dream twists his three spreading fingers in finality, pulling them from George's hole with empty vulnerability. Despite the whine on George's tongue at the sudden vacancy, he knows that what's meant to follow is so much more desirable, and he arches his back with an invitation that says *hurry up*.

He's merely met with a cedar-spun chuckle, a shower-wet hand tapping gently against his hip with wordless instruction. "Turn around," Dream supplies, soft and low-rumbling, the timbre of his balsam request just enticing enough to get George spinning in haste.

As his back collides with the foggy shower wall, he's met with the look on Dream's face for the first time in far too long. Tangled hair hangs in his eyes with curls of bitter mahogany, drops of water coasting down his skin in a too-enticing trail that George wishes to follow with his lips.

But for the moment, he only stares with unbridled desire. Lust paints him red and spiced with cinnamon, the ferocity of a rosewood fire burning embers in his sternum. He still chases trails of running water with hungry eyes, not even stopped by the wrap of gentle hands around his waist or the press of lips beneath his chin.

He falls victim to the vicious steam, rushes of hot water spilling down between his legs. Dream pulls him in close by a grip that sinks so close to the backs of his thighs, legs slotting together for the moments they spend with lips melding together at their precipice. Ginger and gentle cloves spark without finality, mouths melting thinner than the cold water the more they tear each other open.

As Dream pulls off, his slick spit once again blends in with torrential rain. "You're so fucking beautiful," he confesses, and the words spark something new and scented of lavender along the map of George's veins, red and blue melting together in pastel hues atop paper pale skin.

He doesn't know what to say; he doesn't say anything at all. Only blinks up at Dream where he stands with a grin that says he doesn't need to answer, jade green eyes flickering with the same hesitation he wore before George's hair was wet and messy. With sprigs of pale purple perfume

still spinning across his bones, George swallows all that's left of his aversion.

"You can fuck me now," George whispers, almost startled by the taut desperation running through his white tea tone. "Please."

Dream laughs again, the grin on his lips slipping closer to amused than it is arrogant. "Okay," he mutters, hands wrapping around George's thighs. "Hold on to me, okay?"

Nodding minutely, George employs a tighter grip to broad shoulders in anticipation. Before he can ask *why*, Dream is hauling him up by the grip he has on his thighs, startling enough to pull a yelp from the tangle in George's throat. Another citrus-infused chuckle spills through warm lips, the hands on George's thighs urging him to wrap his legs around Dream's waist.

With slipping feet and bitten lips, Dream lines himself up with George's hole. He spares a glance up into mahogany eyes with prying clarity, a curious glint to his evergreen irises and the dilated pupils spilling black tea all across them.

"Ready?" he asks, gentle and jasmine-steeped.

George's breath stammers, water-slick body slipping against the foggy shower wall. "Fuck me now, please."

A laugh in finality parts the warm air between them, but Dream obliges nonetheless. He presses into George with assistance from the leverage of their position, leaving them both breathless in the muddle of heaven-soaked steam. George loses his breath at the sheer feeling of being *full*, stuffed beyond his own comprehension by the near unmanageable size of Dream's cock.

He moans without hesitation or stifle, lips falling open with blooming magnolias that give him no hope of clenching shut again. For the moment, they just bask in the feeling of it all, in how *close* they've let themselves become when spurred on by the filth of cleanliness and shower-wet soap.

Dream holds onto George's waist with a bruising grip, sweet-scented orchids and blood-darkened lilacs asserting beneath the pale of George's flesh. He tips his head back in a silent plea, head knocking against the glass without enough sound to resonate.

Drawing slow circles into the plush of George's skin, Dream queries, "Feel okay, baby?"

Stretched thin with a cotton-scented whine, George hums in affirmation. "Just full."

It feels like an understatement when he says it out loud. Even when the sensation permeates his desperate tone to messy, *full* doesn't feel like enough to capture the too-desirable feeling of Dream's cock buried inside him. He's sure their strange position is only doing him favors on that front, but no amount of outside assistance can keep the devilish grin off Dream's cedar face.

"Full?" he echoes, a single brow lifting with cocksure murmurs.

Whining in lieu of an agreeable hum, George confesses, "You're big."

Arrogance sparks in a halo of hibiscus fragrance, sinful grins etching wider across the woodgrain of freckled cheeks. "I know," Dream says predictably, leaving a wet kiss on the junction of George's throat. "Is it alright if I move?"

Ivy-vined desperation plagues George's soap-slick body, hitching breaths interrupting his syllables with the tacky threat of honeycomb. "Please."

So Dream starts to move, hindered by the position he's put them in. But no amount of wrapping legs or feet pressed to the floor can keep Dream from fucking up into George like he means it, vigor and despondent vanity still running rampant in the leftover steam.

George moans at the feeling, digging his heel into Dream's back recklessly. His head stays tilted back with eyes for the ceiling cracked above them, fingers crawling through wet-messy hair with nothing but intent to *pull*. Dream takes the sting to his scalp with unruly groans, leaning forward just enough to dig his teeth into George's neck unabashedly.

Dulcet sounds mix in haste through the once-warm air, colliding bodies against the misty wall nothing short of perfect so long as it's *them*. George pleads for more in near-silence, and Dream gives it to him as well as he can, forever chasing the pleased sounds on George's lips and the bloom of careful cherry blossoms against his skin.

The heat of their bodies melt into each other at the center, the obscene sound of skin-on-skin echoing through their too-small bathroom. Bitter ivory soap spreads across George's tongue in a whisper of desirable wreckage, only cut by the soft strawberry of his own shampoo rinsed through silky blond hair, and it's the profanity of broken promises that has him creeping back up to the edge.

Rough hands dig into pale flesh with claim, blissful release so close to the moment they share so long as Dream keeps groaning into George's skin like *that*. His tone climbs higher and his skin stings torrid, bloody lips and heavy tongues working wordlessly to keep him in any form of presentability.

"I'm close," he whimpers, scarcely able to form words with the weighted peony of his tongue.  
"Dream, I'm close."

It feels more like a warning than a confession; it's a warning destined to go unheeded. If anything, it makes Dream fuck up into George with increased vigor, wracking his body with curled-up sin and vanilla vulgarity until he can't take it anymore.

"Come for me, baby," Dream hisses through grit teeth, and it's all George needs before he's spilling all across his own skin and digging nails into the cedar of Dream's shoulders.

And it's not long before Dream is coming, too, spilling reckless and lust-ridden white into George with a final harsh thrust. George groans with the sensitivity of being overfilled, eyelids fluttering just as it all slows to a honey-thick halt. Dream pulls out slowly, settling George down to the wet shower floor before he moves to turn the water off entirely.

George sits cold and soap-stained on the ground, back leaning against the same fogged-up glass he let himself be defiled against. By the time he's standing on the bathroom's cold tile floor with a towel draped over his shoulders, he's wiping a space between the steam on the vanity mirror, barely wide enough for him to see his own fucked-out face in before Dream appears behind him again.

"You okay?" he asks, gentle and perhaps concerned, but George is wearing a cherry-scented smile on his mottled lips.

His answer comes easy even with a scratch to his throat. "Better than ever."

It's only a one night stand with his roommate if it happens once. And between soft smiles and jade-hued ease, George knows this isn't where they end together.

## End Notes

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